NO. 2—VOL. 1. NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1866. PRICE TEN CENTS.

A PIECE OF JUG-GLERY.

A. Johnson playing several tunes at once, including "John Brown," "Hail Columbia" and "Dixie's Land."

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THE JOLLY JOKER.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1866.

PRICE OF THE JOLLY JOKER,

TEN CENTS A NUMBER.

PUBLISHED ON THE 15th OF EVERY MONTH.

PUBLISHED BY ALFRED LESLIE, NEW YORK.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

The Business Man, Returning to his Mansion, Findeth his Wife at the Grand Pianoforte.

Sing to me lova, I need thy song,
I need that thou shouldst cheer me well,
For everything is going wreng,
And life appears an awful sell.
I've overdrawn my bnnker's hook,
I'm teased for loans by brother John;
Last night our clerk eloped, and took
Two thousand pennds—sing on—sing on.

My partner proves a man of straw,
And straw, alas! I dare not thrash;
My mortgagee has gona to law,
And swears he'll have his pennd of flesb.
My nephew's nose has just been split
In some mad student fight at Bonn;
My tailor serves me with a writ
For three years' hills—sing on—sing on.

My doctor says I must not think,
But go and spend a month at Ems;
My ceacbman, overcome by drink,
Near Barnes upset me in the Thames.
My finest horse is ruined quite,
And hath no leg to stand npon;
The other's knees are such a sight,
He'll never sell—sing on—sing on.

My love, no tears! I'll touch thee, now;
Thy parrot in our pond is drowned;
The lapdog met a furions cow,
Whose horn hath saved thee many a pound;
Thy son from Cambridge must retire,
For tying crackers to a don;
The conntry house last night took fire—
Burned down, sweet love—sing on—sing on.

MRS. BROWN ON OMNIBUSES.

They certainly are public conveniences, as is what omblibus means I've heard say; hnt I'm sure if you gets it one way yon losas it another, for of all the heastly things to get into, dressed decent, it's one on 'am.

I was a-goin' to spend the day last week with Mrs. Elkins, as lives near 'Averstock-'ill, and is a party I've been heknown to this many a year, through her havin' a sister as was lady's-maid in a family where I know'd the upper honsemaid as I took tea with frequent.

I started in good time, and got into tha Clapham 'bne, as is what I calls genteel and empty in the general way, except when them parties is a-goin' home to dinner from their husiness, as is from four to six, and crowded in tho mornin's. In the middle of the day they're well nigh took np with ladies, as in my opinion isn't always agreeable company in a 'hns, for what with the fuss they makes ahout their skirts hein' set on, and some wantin' the winders np and others down, as I owes my stiff neck to a fantastical old cat as was snug up in the corner out of the drnught, and let the winder down into my right ear, and what was downright rnde through me a-objecting as I saya, "Change places if yon likes the draught, and have it in welcome, as don't snit me."

I was set down nt the Elephant and Castle, and if yon'd seen the mnd scraped all up along the side nf the path, reg'lar hattar puddin', as the sayin' is, and that deep as I was np to my ankle in no time. If there is a thing as I hates it's mnd, as will stick, as the sayin' is. Them Elephant nnd Castle 'hnsses is very frequent, so I didn't wait long; but law, they'ra nearly as muddy as the roads. So I says, "Conductor, why ever don't yon keep it cleaner, as is a reg'lar dunghill for straw and mud?" "Well," saye he, "yon muds it yourself; look at your hoots," which was more than I could do just then withont a-kickin' the parties as wns opposite, so I didn't say no more.

It was one of them muggy warm days, and I was pretty warm clothed through not havin' quite shook off my cold, and I'd on my new velvet honnet, as a bit of wire ribhon inside would keep a-workin' into my head, as was worretin' me. We hadn't gone far when In gets a couple of yonng gals with hats, as looked that hold as I don't hold with, and I'm sure the way as they showed their stockin's a-workin' of their way up that 'bus through their crinoline a-stickin' out hehind I never did.

I says, "For mercy sake put her gownd down for her," to the other gal, a-speakin' low; "for, my dear, she didn't onght to show her legs like that." She bursts out a-laughin', and says, "Why not? They're her own," that lond as give me qnite a turn, and if they hadn't heen and mudded my dress and velvet cape dreadful through a-drawin' their draggle-tail dresses all over me.

I was put ont, and says, "I thinks as you might learn to get in decent." Says one on 'em, "Who are you callin' indecent?" Says the other, "You're a nice one to complain with such hoots on as that. Why, you've heen a-runnin' of a race, ain't you?" and then all the other parties grinned.

I says, "Conductor, put me down the nearest to the 'Ampstead-road." He said, "Here yon are at Charin'-cross," though a old gentleman did say Regency Circus, hnt as I didn't care partickler ahout my company I got ont. But, bless yon, Charin'-cross was a reg'lar wilderness to me, that confusin' with 'busses a-tearin' hore and there and averywhere, let alone cabs and carts hy the score, and I don't think as ever I should have got across the street hut for a little hoy as was a crossin'-sweeper, and took me all through the dirt. When I'd give him a penny I looks out for tha 'bus as I wanted, and at last I sea 'Averstock-'ill, as I know'd it was my wny. So I stops it nnd gets in, but the stiflin' hole as it was qnite took my hreath away, partickler as parties wouldn't move up, hnt I was obliged for to struggle np to the very top, and reg'lar stova in the crown of my bonnet agin the lamp as was there, and proved a leak nll over my honnet and dripped on to my cape.

As to settin' down I didn't, hnt was wedged in the corner and helpless as a infant, and the party settin' opposite says, "Yon ladies with yonr crinolines had ought to have 'busses made for you." I says, "heggin' of your pardon, there ain't a stitch of crinoline about me, as eny one may sea hy the set of my gownd;" and another chap says, "If yon was to wear crinoline there ain't no livin' doorway as yon'd get in at." I was just a-goin' to give him his answer when the 'bus stops and out every one gets. "Railway," says the condnctor.

"Where's 'Averstock-'ill?" saya I. "Why, you've come from it," says he. "Why didn't yon tell me that afore?" says I. "You never asked me," says he.

"Yon might have heen sure as I wasn't goin' to the railway through havin' no baggaga," says I. He only laughs and says, "There's a 'hus off for 'Ampstead-road now, as is your way."

It was aa mncb as ever I conld do to get that 'hus to stop, and when I did get into it I was that had in my hreath as I conldn't hardly speak. There was only three in at first as was a mercy, hnt it very soon filled np, and of all the rough lots as aver I see they was some of them the roughest; not hut there was genteel parties, partickler two, as I took for ladies first, hut proved nothin' hetter than females, in the long run, as smelt of liquor through a-disguisin' of it in lemon peel as they waa a-chewin'.

I says to one on 'em as sqneezed herself in atween me and the door, "P'r'aps you wouldn't mind a-settin' off my lap." She was very polite, I must say, and says, "Exonse me, through not bein' used to these conveniences, as I only takes through fears of cohmon, ns is that insolent thnt I dare not trust."

I eays, "Right you are, for I'm sura it's not mora than six months ago as I had a cah nnder a mile and a half, and through not havin' a shillin','andy give him half-a-crown and says, 'Giva me change,' if he didn't jump on his hox and say, 'I'll drive you for nothin' next time, old gal,' and off ha goes at n gallop." "Yes," says the lady the other side, "I'm sure I left a Ingy shawl in one as cost sixty guineas and never see it no moro. So one is safor in a 'hus."

I says, "Whatovor do thoy mean hy a-writin' np 'Beware of pickpockets?'" So the one lady laughed and says, "Any one as can't take care of their pockets must he green."

But nn elderly party opposite said, "It's hest to look ont, for my danghter-in-law had her pocket picked of her pension a comin' from roceivin' it, as was nll she had to look to with three small children and her a widow, through him havin' heen in the navy, and lost his life in the discharge of bis duty on the west coast of Africa."

Well, poor soul, she was tellin' me a great deal ahont har tronbles, as was certainly heavy through havin' a husband in his hed near npon two years, and herself a sufferin' with lnmbago, so I didn't take much notice of them females a-gettin' out, as one did very short after the other; for I did feel for that poor old soul as had heen to see her grandson, as was run over in the Westminster 'Ospital, where they did onght to be more careful round the corners, as takes any one nat'rnlly hy surprise, and them boys is that wentersome. We was the last in the 'bns that party and me, and when we gets out I says, "How mnch?" "Fourpence," saya he, "and please look sharp as I wants my tea."

I says, "And so I." I says, "Wherever is my puss? Why, if it ['t] gone. No, here it is in the other pocket, as I [co]ld have sworn I'd put it in tha right hand." I op[ens] it, and if there wasn't nothin' in it, as I'd pnt in eig[ht] shillin's when I come out, and a lucky sixpence as [a]lways keeps there. Well, I was that flurried I did[n't] know what to do. The coachman kep' a-holle[rin'], the conductor sayin', "Look alive," I didn't kn[ow] what to do, and if I hadn't to borrow fourpence [of] the elderly party, as lived close hy where I was a-[goi]n'. It's a mercy I met with her, and she said as sh[e w]as sure them two females as got out, a-pretendin' [to] be unbeknown to each other, was the thieves. The [co]nductor he says as he know'd 'em.

Then says I, "[Wh]y not tell any one?" "Oh! ah!" says he "that's li[fe]. It's stuck up in the 'bus," and off he goes.

How I got to [Mr]s. Elkins I don't know, I was that tired; and if she [ha]dn't gone out for the day and not expected home t[ill] sleep. It's lucky as her servant know'd me well a[nd] had silver in the 'ouse, as enabled me to give that p[oo]r old soul as had come out of her way with me a sh[illi]n'.

Mrs. Elkins' [ser]vant, as is indeed her niece, as I don't consider rel[ati]ons a good plan in them capacities, she gave me a cu[p o]f tea, for it was past five when I got there, and m[e] leavin' home just on two. I was dead heat, and af[rai]d to take off my hoots for fear as I might not be abl[e f]or to get them on agin, havin' a foot apt to swell up l[ike] dough.

I did take off [m]y honnet, and got rid of that wire as 'Liza snipped of[f w]ith the scissors, and must hava cut through someth[in'] too far, for when I got home the back of my honn[et] was clean out.

When I was [a l]ittle hit rested 'Liza went with me to tha 'hus, as was [th]e one I did ought to have come hy, a Waterloo, as r[un]s hy the end of the street, and glad I was to get int[o i]t empty. I had two shillin's of her. I don't think as [I] remembers anythin' clear after sha wished me goodnight, for I dropped off, not as I'd taken more than tablespoonful in a little warm water, as was poor we[ak] stuff, as we got at the tavern when we was waitin' [fo]r the 'hus. I never woke till we got to Camberwell-[G]ate, as I ought to have got out at tha Elephant and C[as]tle for to get the Clapham 'bus. Out I gets, and give the conductor a shillin'. "Hello!" says he, "this [wo]n't do."

"What won't do?" says I. "Why this here shillin'," says he, "['i]s a duffer." "A what!" says I. "A bad un," says [I].

I says, "I'[m] sure 'Liza Martin never give me a bad shillin'." "Y[ou] took it, p'raps, at the public where you was a-dri[nk]in' when I took you up," says he, with a sneer.

I says, "It's my opinion as I never give it you." Says he, "If you s[ay] much more I'll give you in charge for smashin'."

I says, "T[ak]e your money," and gives him the other shillin'. I s[ay]s, "Wherever is there a cab?" "Here you are," s[a]y[s] a cabby, as was standin' there wacant. In I got and [h]ome I goes more dead than alive, with avery rag of [c]lothes smothered in mud, and that cabman wantin' half-a-crown, not as Brown paid him; hut I says, "I d[o]n't go out often, and I'd rather stop at home for [ev]er than go through them 'busses agin, as is ruination to your clothas and destruction to your health."

[M]USINGS IN A MUSIC HALL.

BY A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

When a m[a]n sticks his hat on the back of his head,
Tell me Mr. Editor, why do they roar?
And then, when he pushes it forward instead,
Why do they scream twice as lond as before?
When an [e]lderly gentleman rumples his hair,
Why do they all go delirious as well?
When he [u]ses a handkerchief out of repair,
Why do they, why do they, why do they yell?

When a vulgar virago is singing her song,
Why must she offer herself as a wife?
Why give applause about ten minutes long
When a baby of seven imperils its life?
What does a singer intend to imply
By "Whack fol the larity, larity, lay?"
What can he hope to convey to me by
Singing "Rum tiddity, iddity!" eh?

A Persian merchant, complaining very heavily of some unjust sentence, was told hy the judge to go to the cadi.

"But the cadi is your uncle!" urged the plaintiff.

"Then go to the grand vizier."

"But his secretary is your second cousin."

"Then you may appeal to the Sultan."

"But his favorite Sultana is your niece?"

"Well, then, go to the devil!"

"Ah! that is a still closer connection," said the merchant, as he left the court in despair.

There are, no doubt, some outspoken millers, hut generally they are a mealy-mouthed set.

A CORRESPONDENT tells of a young lady who, on being admonished by his mother not to take all the hash from the dish, because he should leave some for manners, replied, after looking around the table, "Well, I don't see any Manners here to eat it!"

MRS THOMPSON says that every unmarried lady of sixty may consider that she has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

THE Cheap Jack, in Dickens' last Christmas story, tells of "a frying-pan artifically flavored with the essence of beefsteaks to that degree that you've only got for the rest of your lives to fry bread and dripping in it, and there you are replete with animal food!"

MAN looketh at the outward appearance, but God looketh at the heart. Heart sins are those of which he takes especial note, though they may seem very small to us.

JEALOUS HUSBAND.—What! is that big whiskered Swedenborgian, who met my wife at a sociable last week, again walking up and down before my house! Boy in buttons, open the door, and let me get at him with this red-hot poker!

INTELLECTUAL BETTER-HALF.—Oh, Alphonse!—don't be absurd—its part of our religion.

REMEMBER Poe's "RAVEN."—The other night, while we lay musing, and our weary brain confusing o'er the topics of the day, suddenly we heard a rending, as of a serious host a betiling, as they mingled in the fray. "What is that?" we cried, upstarting, and into the darkness darting, slap! we ran against the door. "Oh, its nothing," Edward grumbled, as over a huge arm-chair we stumbled, "its a hug, and nothing more." Then said we, our anger rising (for we thought it so surprising that a hug should thus offend), "Do you think a small insect, sir, thus would all the air infect, sir?" "No, 'tis not a bug, my friend." Now, becoming sorely frightened, round our waist our pants we tightened, and put on our coat and hat—went into the darkness peering, we saw, with trembling and much fearing, the glaring eyes of Thomas Cat, Esq. With astonishment and wonder we gazed upon this son of thunder, as he sat upon the floor—when resolution taking, and a rapid movement making, lo! we open wide the door. "Now, clear out," we hoarsely shouted, as o'er head our boot was flouted. "Take your presence from my floor." Then with air and mien majestic, this dear creature called domestic, made his exit through the door. Made his exit without growling, neither was his voice allowed long, not a single word he said. And with feelings much elated, to escape a doom so fated, we went back to bed.

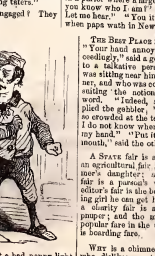
SCHOOL teachers sometimes receive very funny excuses for absence of children from recitations. The following is about as original as any we ever saw: "Octathundrginthters." For the benefit of our readers who are not studied law or stuck upon, we may add that the boy was "kept at home digging taters."

How do people look when they are engaged? They look contracted.

SARCASTIC Doctor's Boy.—That's not a bad penny light you're smoking, Bob.

IMPORTANT PATROL OF THE WEEK.—Penny he blowed, Do you think Delmonico sells anything less'n a quarter?

JONES, being a heavy sleeper, invents a nose-crushing, skull-fractuning apparatus to rouse him at a certain time every morning. Patent applied for.



HE KNEW HIM.—"Come here, my little fellow," said a gentleman to a youngster of five years, while sitting in a parlor where a large company was assembled. "Do you know who I am?" "Yeth, thir." "Why am I? Let me hear." "You ith the man who kithed mamma, when papa wath in New York."

THE BEST PLACE FOR IT.—"Your hatul annoys me exceedingly," said a gentleman to a talkative person who was sitting near him at dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word. "Indeed, sir," replied the babbler, "we are so crowded at the table that I do not know where to put my hand." "Put it in your mouth," said the other.

A STATE fair is a queen; an agricultural fair is a farmer's daughter; a church fair is a parson's wife; an editor's fair is the best looking girl he can get hold of; a charity fair is a female pauper; and the most unpopular fare in the universe is boarding fare.

WHY is a chimney-sweep who dislikes a pot of beer like a starch-producing vegetable? Because he is a potato-hater.

A MAN was brought into court on the charge of having stolen some ducks from a farmer.

"How do you know they are your ducks?" asked the defendant's counsel.

"I should have known them anyhow," replied the farmer, who proceeded to describe their peculiarities.

"Why," said the prisoner's counsel, "those ducks can't be such a very rare breed—I have some very much like them in my yard."

"That's not unlikely, sir," said the farmer, "they are not the only ducks I've had stolen lately."

THE true learning of a Gospel minister consists not in being able to talk Latin fluently, or to discuss in philosophy, but in being able to say a word in season to weary souls.—*Philip Henry.*

A SHREWD WAY TO GET A DINNER.

The Omnibus, of Naples, relates the following story of a man who within the last few days found means to turn to account the popular apprehension of poisoners which have prevailed there since the appearance of the cholera. The individual in question being exceeding hungry, and having only a single coin of the value of 5 son, fell it out in the purchase of powdered sugar, and as he passed by the stand of one of those open air cooks who make a kind of pancake called *frittatle*, he dropped, apparently by accident, some of the sugar into the frying-pan. He was instantly seized by the bystanders as a poisoner caught in the act. He denied vigorously the truth of the charge, and at last, to prove his innocence, offered to eat the contents of the pan. The proposition was accepted, and he accordingly despatched the pancakes with great relish and then walked off, well satisfied with the success of his trick.

PUNGENT PUNS.

BY THE RAJAH POOTAH.

Why is a man anxious to get into a house like a butcher at his work? Because he knocks and knocks (knocks at an).

Why is the instruction of the deaf and dumb like the vicissitudes of life? Because it shows that there is a great deal of mute-ability in the world.

Why was Adam the swiftest runner in the world? Because he was the first in the human race.

What kind of wez would bees use to decorate the tops of their hives? Ceiling-wax.

Why are most sausages like love scenes? Because they are affaire du (our) cœur.

What cat is like a large abbey? A grey tabby (*a great abbey.*)

A PRECIOUS FIX FOR A SWELL.

BOOT-BLACK.—Old hoss, my blacking's given out, so I can't clean tother boot—but I'll only charge you for one. So it's all right.

LOOKING HIGH.—A tall, raw-boned recruit, was put on drill by a little cock-sparrow of an officer. As every order was given him, he naturally looked down to see his commander—and was so often admonished to hold his head up. Repeated admonitions of this kind at length had the effect to induce the recruit to raise his head at least to a level with the setting sun, and the officer ordered him to keep it there.

"What, always?"

"Yes."

"Then good-bye, leftenant.—I'll never see you agin," said the Johnny raw.

THE following "Notice" is posted conspicuously in a publication office out West:

"Shut this door—and as soon as you have done talking on business, serve your mouth the same way."

NOT THE EXACT PLACE TO POP THE QUESTION.

YOUNG LADY.—For heaven's sake, Mr. Boggs, don't be so ridiculous! That party on the hill have got their telescope out, and laughing at us.

CATCHING THE IDEA.—A parson in a country village in England, on reading the first line or so of a chapter in the Bible, the clerk, who was not over erudite, by some mistake or other read it after him. The parson read as follows:

"Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of his people."

The clerk, who could not exactly catch the sentence, reported it thus:

"Moses was an oysterman, and made ointment for the shins of his people."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Lewiston *Journal* says that among the large families in the town of Waldborough are the following names: Head, Foote, Hyde, Horn, Sides, Hough, Horne, Heart, Howes, Haslet. At least a Prussian came to named Ochehind!

DISAGREEABLE AND TRUTHFUL CHILD.

MUMMY.—Missus is out, Mrs. Biggs.

DISAGREEABLE CHILD.—Oh, what a story! Ma's in the kitchen making the pies.

Newly Married.

SCENE—*Just "round the corner" from "Ha" Avenue.*—Immediately after breakfast—husband equipped for down town, toasts his salves before the parlor fire—new wife distributing bits of goodies from the breakfast table to pet canary—colloquy:

Wife.—Love, the mice are troublesome—they get into my cake-box and drawers, and your trunk, awfully. So, won't you get a mouse-trap!

Husband.—Of course, love, of course.

Wife.—That's a good dear; I knew you would; but that nasty tincture of iron which the doctor prescribes for my loss of appetite—it spoils my teeth, and mother says that I must take it through a quill, or they'll be ruined. Please, get me some quills, too.

Husband.—Yes, dear, yes.

Wife.—I want some pins, too, ever so bad; and the mud on the walks will not permit me to go out. So do fetch a few, medium sort, not too big.

Husband.—Yes, love—anything else? (Bends over, with wry face, to rub his calves).

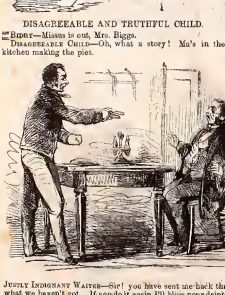
Wife.—La, me! I'd nearly forgot! The corkscrew—yes, the cook has broken the corkscrew, and there's nothing for it but to get another one. Don't forget, please. Here now, why are you in such a hurry! Aint you going to kiss me? There—that'll do. Don't forget, now! *Pins, corkscrews, quills, and mouse-trap!*

Exit husband, hanging the hall-door after him; and an acquaintance commiseratingly watches him disappear, repeating "pins, corkscrew, quills, mouse-trap."

THE EFFECT OF BELIEVING ALL YOU HEAR.—Here, Walter—you wait while I get some salt to put on that bird's tail.

JOLLY INDIGNANT WAITER—Sir! you have sent me back three times for what we haven't got. If you do it again I'll blow your dainty brains out.

Customer agrees to swallow whatever the waiter will bring.



He who goes to bed in anger, has the devil for a bed-fellow. A wag desires us to say that he knows a married man who, though he goes to bed meek and gentle as a lamb, is in the same predicament.

ASTRONOMERS say that if a cannon ball were fired from the earth to Saturn, it would be 180 years getting there. In that event, Professor John Phenix thinks the people of Saturn would have ample time to dodge the shot.

THERE is a lady in this town so sleepy that her curiosity cannot to awakened.

A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

Dr. BOLUS.—Did Mr. Snigg take his medicine yesterday, William?

SHAM APPRENTICE.—I should say so, sir—I saw crape on his door this morning.

Query?

Making all my days unquiet—
Robbing all my night's of rest—
Mixing sloes in my diet—
Planting nettles in my breast—
Answer me, O Fate, the question—
Answer, and accept my thanks—
Is it love, or indigestion,
That is playing me such pranks?

Painful Position of Becky, who hears her young man pitching pebbles at the window; but she can't leave till the children are asleep. She tells them it is the cat.

TRIFLING.—Wiggins is a teacher, and one night drank too much lemonade—or something. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and tumbled over the cradle and fell whop on the floor. After a while he rose and said:

"Wife, are you hurt?"

"No."

"Daughters, are you hurt?"

"No."

"Terrible clap, wasn't it?"

SAYS the lovely Julia to the bewitching Fanny, "Why is a new-born baby like a cow's tail?" "Give it up."—"Because it was never seen before."

"WHAT is the difference between a bad boy and a postage stamp?" "Give it up." "One you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick. 99"

REASONABLE REQUEST.

YOUNG ANGLER.—"Now, Jim, stop that pelting. Can't you let a feller fish in quiet."

OLD JAKE'S LAST.

I am clerk in a store in Frederick, Md., and often hearing "rich jokes," I thought it might be possible that they would be of some use to you." Here is one of them:

Old Jake S—— is a pretty hard drinker, and often went about "half seas over." He will tell some of the hardest kind of yarns. Some time ago, sitting in the bar-room of D——'s hotel, and feeling like having some sport at his expense, I told H—— to call him in. Just as he was coming in the door I commenced, in a loud voice,

"Yes, sir, he died standing up; he was taken with the 'blind staggers,' and he got stiff and he died standing up."

This was all old Jake wanted. So he commenced:

"What's that you're talking about—a horse?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Humph! that's nothing. When I was a boy, my father had a horse that was taken with the lock-jaw, and he got so stiff in about thirty seconds that my brother and me had to pry him over with crowbars."

CRITICAL SWEEPER.—"Well, if I lose my broomstick, I know where there be four. I'm blowed."

WATERFALL WORN BY SAVAGES

The celebrated missionary, Judson, once paid a visit to the Karens, a wild and barbarous tribe of Indians. The style in which the females dressed appears to have impressed him very much, and he thus describes the outfit of one of the fashionables:

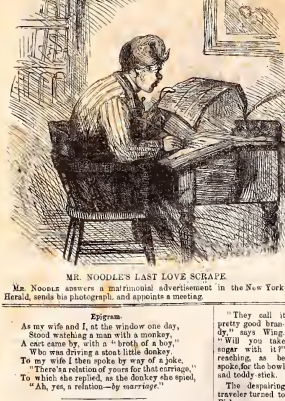
"On one Karen lady I counted between twelve and fifteen necklaces of all colors and materials. Three was the average. Brass belts above the ankles, neat braids of black hair tied below the knees, rings of all sorts upon the fingers, bracelets on the wrists and arms, and long instruments of some metal performed the lower part of the ear by an immense aperture, and reaching generally to the shoulders; fanciffully constructed bags, inclosing the hair, and suspended from the back part of the head; not to speak of the ornamental part of their clothing—constituted the fashions and the ton of their fair Karenesses."

WHAT is the difference between a schoolmasterand a railroad conductor. One trains the mind, and the other minds the train.

ALPHONSO D. SMYTHE as he appears in his photograph.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

SMYTHE, as he appeared when waiting upon the Photographer at a cheap dining saloon on Chatham street.



MR. NOODLE'S LAST LOVE SCRAPE

MR. NOODLE answers a matrimonial advertisement in the New York Herald, sends his photograph, and appoints a meeting

Epigram

As my wife and I, at the window one day,
Stood watching a man with a monkey,
A cart came by, with a "broth of a boy,"
Who was driving a stout little donkey.
To my wife I then spoke by way of a joke,
"There's a relation of yours for that carriage,"
To which she replied, as the donkey she spied,
"Ah, yes, a relation—*by marriage*."

"I DON'T CARE IF I DO."—In olden time, before the Maine laws were invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Grinnville, and from his well-stocked bar furnished "accommodations to man and beast." He was a good landlord, but terribly deaf. Fish, the village painter, was afflicted in the same way.

One day they were sitting by themselves in the barroom. Wing was behind the counter waiting for the next customer; while Fish was lounging before the fire with a thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanters, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come in and treat.

A traveler from the South, on his way to Brandon, stepped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter, he said:

"Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy?" said the ready landlord, jumping up; "yes, sir, I have some;" at the same time handing down a decanter of the precious liquid.

"You misunderstand me," says the stranger, "I asked how far it was to *Brandon*."

"They call it pretty good brandy," says Wing. "Will you take sugar with it?" reaching, as he spoke, for the bowl and toddy-stick.

The despairing traveler turned to Fish.

"The landlord," said he, "seems to be deaf; will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish; "I don't care if I do take a drink with you!"

The stranger treated, and fled.

A lecturer announces in a Boston paper that his "lectures are poetical and exceedingly humorous, but not comic."

In the ardor of his love, he falls on his knees and proposes an immediate marriage.

How a Lady was Saved from being Choked to Death.

Not long since Conductor Cawley had the blessed privilege of carrying out a loving couple, who assumed the position of "Lord Ullin's daughter," and her betrothed, so affectionately described in the Teachers' Institute some time ago:

One lovely hand was stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.—

Only in this case, instead of one hand being "stretched for aid," it was where the other was, encircling his immortal. They had evidently been up, or at least awake, very late the evening before, for the train had not reached Farley till the female member of the firm was sound asleep—nothing to be wondered at for the position she had assumed was in every way favorable to calm and sweet repose. The by-sitters were simply amused; but Conductor Cawley, more experienced, foresaw serious, if not fatal, results. Approaching the sleeping maiden, he took one wrist in his hand, and looking at his watch with a professional air, after a few moments addressed the young man:

"My dear sir, do you not see you are killing your lady?"

"What?" exclaimed the youth, in open mouthed astonishment.

"Don't you see that you are killing that young lady? Her pulse is only eighteen to the minute now, and unless you let go your hold around her neck, you will have her choked to death in ten minutes!"

He let go. There was some laughter among the observers, but Cawley passed demirely on.

ABRIDGMENT of a sermon which took up an hour in delivering, from these words: "Man is born to trouble."

My friends, the subject falls naturally to be divided into four heads:

1. Man's entrance into the world.
2. His progress through the world.
3. His exit from the world; and
4. Practical reflections from what may be said.

First, then:

1. Man came into the world naked and bare.
2. His progress through it is trouble and care.
3. His exit from it none can tell where.
4. But if he does well here he'll be well there.

Now, I can say no more, my brethren dear.

He is charmed with the fair advertiser, who says that she is a lovely widow, without any incumbrance except an income of $3,000.

Sheridan's Calendar.

The following odd dish of rhyme on the weather has been styled "Sheridan's Rhyming Calendar:"

January snows,
February flows,
March blows,
April showers,
May flowers,
June showers,
July mappy,
August croppy,
September poppy,
October breezy,
November wheezy,
December freezy.

A HOTEL-KEEPER in Boston boards lovers for two dollars a week less than other folks. There is philosophy in this. Love is very ethereal in its nature, and can live on moonbeams. We know a young man who took the disease in the natural way, and he subsisted a whole month on a German flute and a sonnet.

Queries to an Octogenarian.

Did you ever know a "plain cook" who had not formed "an attachment?"

Did you ever know a newspaper correspondent who did not commence his effusion with "Allow me, through your truly valuable journal?"

Did you ever hear a man "return thanks," on a festive occasion, without saying that he was unaccustomed to public speaking, or that this was "the proudest moment of his life?"

Did you ever see the umbrella again which you lent for "just ten minutes?"

Did you ever know a dog that wasn't the wonder of his species, and altogether unmatchable anywhere in civilized regions?

Did you ever know any one get farther into the "Wide, Wide World," than the "tea and toast" scene in the first chapter?

Did you ever see a local newspaper without its terrific halloroin or a shower of frogs?

Did you ever get beaten by a billiard-player without his telling you that, if it hadn't been for the "fluke" and a "run of luck" which he had, you would have beaten him easily?

Did you ever get a bottle of anything but good wine at a public dinner?

Did you ever see a "History of England" without either "John signing Magna Charta" or "Alfred in the Neat-herd's Cot" for frontispiece?

Is interrupted by a gentleman who, holding his Revolver to Noodle's head, demands in a voice of thunder, "How dare you make love to my wife?"

The Fenian Centre.

TEXT—"*The Sprig of Shillelagh.*"

Och, love is the soul of a 'ente Fenian!
What he loves is the swag and he grabs all he can.
With his office of Centre, and Circle so green,
His heart is malignant, his head is unsound,
But in it an eye to the main chance is found.
He plots and conspires, and he bowls and he fights,
For swag, all for swag, for in that he delights,
With his office of Centre and Circle so green.

Who has ever to New York had of late to repair!
A Fenian all in his glory is there,
With his office of Centre, and Circle so green.
His course all so clear, without hindrance or check
No fear of a bailer slipped round his nate neck.
He goes to his Lodge, rives against England's crown,
And there they fill out and he knocks his friends down,
With his office of Centre and Circle so green.

To business returning, when homeward he goes
Sub-scription point in, and he pockets all those,
With his office of Centre, and Circle so green.
He meets with a Yankee, who, grinding a smile,
Cries "Wal, I say, Pat, I notice you've struck ile."
To the bar they then go, liquor up after that,
And you next in his carriage reclining are flat,
With his office of Centre, and Circle so green.

Clear the country, I say, that gave Patrick his birth,
Clear the land of the oak and the neighboring earth,
From the office of Centre, and Circle so green.
Sweep the Fenians clean off the banks of the Shannon;
They may plant in New York or Chicago their cannon.
Distracted and dashed, at disloyalty's shrine,
May the Irish Republic in vapour decline,
With its office of Centre and Circle so green!

MOSES, THE SASSY;

OR,

THE DISGUISED NOBLEMAN.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

CHAPTER I.—MOSES.

My story opens in the classic precincts of Boating. In the parlor of an aristocratic mansion on Bacon street sits a lovely young lady lovis hare is covered over with the frosts of 17 summers; she has just sot down to the Pianny & is singin thu popular pees called Swells of the Hedion, to which she tolls how with Pensive Thrill she wandered by a O heat shore. The Son is setting in its heaven and its gorgeous life pores in a golden meller flull threw the windors and makes the bootiful young lady invies so bootiful as she was hes, which is consessary. She is magnificently dress up in a Beraqt lusk with poofis trimmins, More Antock edges & 3 ply carpetin. Her dress contains 12 flounders, brilliantly ornamented with horn buttons, and her shoes were meroker with gold sprangleres on them.

Presently she presses her hands to her head and hurrems and starts up in a sesited manner. "Methinks," she whispers in elsrion tones. "I see a voice!" A noble youth of 22 summers he shrapes th e mud from his hates in th e hall and enters. He is attired in red shirt and black pants, which last are turned up over his hates, and his hat hewitchingly rookt on one side of his classic head.—In such a noble was a nobil child. Grease in its balmiest days never produced more gallanter herow than Moses. The young lady gazes upon him for a few periods, clasps her hands together, strikes a position, and roliin' her eyes wildly, like an expiring infantile cow, cries—

"Ha! Do my I's deseev my Inlid?"

"That frame! them store alone! that voiee! it is—it is the ownl, me only Moses!" and he folded her to his hart. "Methinks I shall swoon," sez she, and pretty soon she swoohd.

CHAPTER II.—WAS MOSES OF NOBLE BIRTH.

Moses was fearman of Injiuo Kumpanny No. 40. The 40's had jest hen havin a plesent fite with the 20's on the day I introduce Moses to my readers. He had his arms full of trofees to wit: 4 skalps, 5 I'n 3 fingers, 7 ears,' which he had chopped off, &c., &c. When Eliry (for that was the young lady's name) recivered from her swoon, she asked:

"How has the battle gone? Tell me."

"Eliry," said the brave young man, drawing himself to his full hite. "we chawed them up, and smashed their old mersileson all ter pieces."

"I think the gods," she cried. "Thon didst full well, and beneath I ware thee in my hart of hart! And Moses," she continued, into her hart confidingly agin his wesbit, "dost no I samti me think thou wastest of nobil birth?"

"No," sez he, wildly ketchin hold of himself, "you don't say so?"

"Indeed I do," she sed.—

"You're dod grandfather's sperret cannot to me the other nite, and sez he, "Moses is a disguised Juke!"

"You mean Duke," sed Moses.

"Does not the aetors call it Juke?" she sed sternly.

That settled the question.

"I have thought of this thing afore," sed Moses, abstractedly. "If its so then it must be 2 B or not 2 B—that airs the question! But no more of this now. Dey up. Oh, life—life *you too many for!*" He tore his pretty yeller hair, stamped on the floor wildly, and was gone.

CHAPTER III.—THE PIRUT FOILED.

Sixteen long and weery years had elapst since the seens narrated in the last chapter took place. A nobil ship, the Sary Jane, is salein from Frans to Amsterdy, through the Wabash Canal. A pirut ship is in hot pursuite of the Sary Jane. The ongoing of the S. J. looks fritsoged & as he had lost all his pacuats. The pirut is after on him, and he is obovt givin up when a fine looking feller in russett hites and a buffsler overout rushes forth and sez to the capting, sed he:

"Old man! go down stairs. Retire to the starbord hollhed. I takes charge of this Bote." E

"Owdaehss kuss!" said the capting, "away with thee, or I shel do murder-er!"

"Skacely," sed the nobil feller, and he drew a dynamid billed sword and cut the capting's hed off.

"Oh that I should live to hecom a ded hedy!" sed the capting as he fell to the deck. He expired shortly afterwards, being finally killed.

"People!" sed the nobil feller, "I'm the Juke de Moses!"

"Old hoss, methinks thou art blowin!" sed a youth of 40 summers, and the Juke cut his hed off likewise. "Don't print sassy verses on my deth in the neoc papers," screemed the unfortunit young man as he fell ded on the deck, "for if you do I'm haunt yer!"

"People!" continued the Juke, "I alone one save you from you bloody and unprincipled pirats! What ho there! A pack of cards!" The cards were immediately hewn. The Juke took them and mownin' the jolpoop he threw them on the topgalt. In a minit the heifer hen hitched to the Pirut Boat cum along, stopt and comment for to deserve the onts. The driver hollered at him terrihil, but he woodent hul an inch. Meanwhile the Sary Jane, her bosses on the keen jump, was fast leevin the pirut ship.

"Cuck'ngo, do I escape deth!" sed the Juke between his cleenet teeth, still on the jelpoop.

CHAPTER IV.—THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The Juke was Moses the Sassy. He had been in Frans about 6teen years and now he was hum agin in Boating. He had sum trubhull in getting himself acknidged as Juke in Frans, as the Orleans dinasty and bourbones were forrest him, but he finally conkered, and now he dad crosst the deep blew sea to git his own Eliry. She sun him at once, as one of his eers and a porahm of his nose had been shawed off in fights with opposishon firmed during his hood's sunny ours. The was married and went to Frans, to reside in jewel palis which was got up regardless of expens. This had several children, and lived to a green old age, helored "by all, both grate and smart," as the Polak sez.

The pirut capting was capturd, trid, convicted, and sentenced to reel all the letters that Giddings an Wing shall rite for the enseeing 5 years. Fin friends are endeavorin to get his sentense commutted to imprisonment for life, I cer each day to be devoted to readin the Cannaily papers. He sez this sentense s wuss than tether one was. Still he dont kare much as long as he gits his meals regular.

This is my first attempt at writin a tale, and it is far from being perfick, but if I her encouged fokes to see that 9 cases out of 10 the can either make life se barin as the desgnt of Sary, or as joyous as a donr garding, my pijick will have been sekomplished. Adew.

VERY CONSIDERATE.—At St. Barthelemy, in France, an old peasant lay on his death-bed; his son was sent to fetch the curate, and stood knocking at the gate for three hours.

"Why didn't you knock louder?" asked the curate.

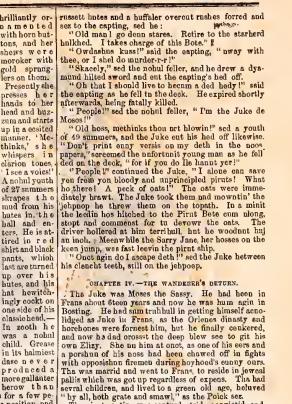
"I was afraid of disturbing you," answered the clown.

"Well, what is the matter?"

"Father my dad is dying."

"You did! Then he must be dead by this time."

"Oh, no," said the simpleton; "neighbor Peter said that it would amuse him until I came back again!"



NOODLE compromises by paying the injured husband one thousand dollars, and vows never to answer "Personals" again.

UNCLE SAM—FROG C

CATCHING IN MEXICO.

UNCLE SAM—FRO

UNCLE SAM—FROG CATCHING IN MEXICO.

FOOD, BUT DELUDED MOTHER.—How fond my dear little ones are of going to school.

Testing Her Innocence.

The following touching scene recently occurred in a Parisian court of justice:

A poor, pale, wan seamstress was arraigned for theft. She appeared at the bar with a baby of eleven or twelve months in her arms, her child. She went to get work one day, and stole three gold coins of ten francs each. The money was missed after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her rooms to claim it. The servant found her about to quit her rooms, with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant: "I was going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless she was carried to the Commissioner of Police, and he ordered her to be sent before the police court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself, she answered: "The day I went to my employer's I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I was not paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantel-piece, and unknown to me it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for heaven's mercy.

They could not believe this story. They upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavoring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. They besought her for her own sake to retract so absurd a tale, for it could have no effect, but oblige the court to sentence her to a much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict on one so young, and evidently steeped too deep in poverty. These appeals had no effect except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the court were at sore loss to discover what decision justice demanded. To relieve their embarrassment, one of the judges proposed to remove the scene described by the mother. Three gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she said she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coin, eyed it for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hand and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was acquitted.

As exchange commonting on the fact that a number of Cincinnati young ladies have lately been married and carried away to other places, says no city has a better claim to supply spare ribs for the universe.

"OLD age is coming upon me rapidly," as the urchin said when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming furiously, with a cowhide in hand.

A Wonderful Dream.

"EVERYBODY has heard wonderful stories of dreams that came true, resulting in marvelous discoveries of wealth, revelations of crime, and mysterious information of various sorts. Skeptical people are at liberty to believe, of course, what they please, but the following story comes to us well authenticated, and the finale is, we think, quite original. The dreamer was a gentleman residing in one of a row of houses in a street in a neighboring city. To mention names might be impolitic. He dreamed that he had discovered in his house a hidden closet, which was stored with silver and other valuable articles, sufficient to set him up in the world as a man of wealth. In the morning he told his wife, who, like a sensible woman, asked him what he had eaten before he went to bed, and warned him of the ill effects of late suppers.

The next night he went to bed as usual, when lo! the dream was repeated. To doubt any longer would be to fly in the face of fortune that was opening the portals of wealth to the happy dreamer. Modern built houses, put up in rows for speculation, to sell or to rent, do not prevent any architectural intricacies where a closet might be stowed away unperceived; the lines are rectangular, and every inch of space saved. The hidden closet with the treasure must be somewhere in the walls. With a hammer the dreamer went about the house, sounding the walls for indications of the concealed receptacle. At last his search was rewarded. A blow struck on the wall brought forth a metallic jingle in response. He struck again, and the same musical echo came forth. Bewildering visions of wealth arose before the delighted searcher. He called his wife to behold the realization of his dream. Two or three vigorous blows brought down the plaster from the wall, broke through the lath, and revealed an aperture through which Mr.—— thrust his hand, and brought forth a handful of spoons and forks! Mrs.—— now requested that they had better proceed cautiously, and keep their good fortune quiet. The hole in the wall was covered up, and the happy couple retired to discuss their fortune. In a few minutes they were startled by a violent ring at the front door bell. Mr. —— responded to the summons, and found on the stoop his next door neighbor, in a state of intense excitement. "Are you the proprietor of this house?" asked the visitor. "I am," said Mr. ——. "Then, sir, allow me to tell you that there is a robber in your house, who has been committing burglary on my premises, by breaking through your wall into a closet, and stealing my silver ware!" Mr. ——'s countenance underwent an extraordinary change as the truth flashed upon him. He rushed up stairs to make a closer inspection of his secret, when the true state of the case was disclosed. Mr. —— had recited his dream *by breaking into his neighbor's premises, and had "struck silver ware" in the store room next door.* A full explanation was made, the spoons restored, the wall repaired, and secrecy promised. But the joke was too good to keep, and so we publish it.

APT PUPIL.—Mr. Mugbro gives his son a box of carpenter tools. What he does with them.

GOOD ADVICE FOR EVERYBODY.

If a fire breaks out in your house, wait for the firemen. Don't let your wife attempt to put it out.

Don't attempt to escape from a crocodile, but run right into his jaws, and put your stick between.

Extract from the Diary of a Special Policeman.

Eight, A. M.—Rose and dressed myself with elaborate care in my new uniform, which becomes me very well, but needs a little alteration to give better effect to my manly figure. Sauntered down Broadway to Stewart's and purchased a pair of white kids, and got my usual institutional violet and daisy for my button-hole from the bouquet man.

Nine, A. M.—Breakfasted at Delmonico's, but did not enjoy it much, as my omelet was slightly over-done and the coffee was just a mite too thick. On coming out, after quietly puffing a cigar, saw Percy Jim pick the pocket of a countryman. It was a neat job, and I could not help laughing as the greenhorn walked away, little suspecting he was minus his portemonnaie. Countrymen should be more careful; but if they will carry their money about with them, it's none of my business. Went to Phalon's and had my hair dressed, then went on duty.

Ten, A. M.—There was quite a rush on the street this morning, and as the weather was fine, the dear creatures were out in large numbers. One lovely girl, whom I escorted across the street, gave my hand a squeeze as I deposited her safely upon the sidewalk, and went away, giving me a look I shall not forget. (Mem to find out who she is.) While I was leading her across the street, an ugly old woman, who had been waiting at the corner for more than half an hour, but who I had not time to attend to, undertook to rush across; but just as she was in the centre of the street, one of the Scotch Ferry Bins, looded by Sunkey Jim, came dashing along. The old woman would not get out of the way, and the pole ran into her back. Down the old gal went spoon into the mud, and the wheels came within an inch of going over her head. A couple of men run and picked her up, and took her off to some doctor's shop or other, and I heard some one say her back was broke, but I was so busy in attending to the darling little ducks who thronged the crossing, that I had no time to find out about it. I cannot imagine what business old women have upon the streets alone. Their friends should send some one out with them to take care of them. A clumsy fellow carrying a long ladder knocked off my hat and disarranged my curls, so I was obliged to leave my post and return to Phalon's, where I had my hair dressed.

Half-past 11, *A. M.*—Just as I returned, that angelic creature, Miss Mizzletop, got out of a stage at the corner. I was delighted to think I had repaired damages and looked my best. I handed her out of the stage, and as she leant upon my arm the touch of her delicate hand thrilled me all through. I could not refrain from encircling her magnificent form with my manly arm as I bore her gently to a place of safety; and as luck would have it, just as we reached the earthstone her dear ankle turned a little and she tripped, which gave me the opportunity of pressing her close to my breast to keep her from falling. The look she gave me as she walked away repaid me for all the arduous duties I perform. Really, in some respects, the service is delightful.

One P. M.—As the dear creatures were by this time nearly all on the promenade side of the street, and there were none waiting to cross but a lot of frowsy country women, who had come to town to attend the Anniversaries and go to the Museum, I concluded to go to dinner; so went to Bill Ivorie's rooms, close by, where they always set dinner. The game was open, and so I laid a dollar on the king, which lost. Well, I might have expected it; lucky at love—unlucky at play, is a true saying. But the dinner was worth the dollar, besides Bill is sure to make it up to me—and by George! it was his money after all; for, come to think of it, it was the last of the X he slipped into my hand the other day when there was some talk of a visit from the force. It is a good idea to start such rumore occasionally—the fellows are sure to come down with the stuff.

Half-past 3, *P. M.*—Just as I returned to the corner, after stopping in at Phalon's to have my hair dressed again, who should come along but the captain of our squad. Fortunately there was an odd man waiting to get across, and a dozen of the prettiest girls I have to attend to. So I resolved at once to sacrifice myself to duty, and, leaving the girls, I took the old man by the arm and led him over. The girls looked mad enough; but Cap. saw it and nodded at me, as much as to say, "All right, old fel; I see you do your duty and give the lie to those rascally papers who are continually complaining that the squad devote all their attention to the ladies." So virtue, in this case, was its own reward.

Four, P. M.—Was relieved by Tom Fink, a good fellow, but with no pretense to good looks. I went away to get my hair dressed again, previous to going up town, feeling sorry for the disappointment the dear creatures would feel at finding Tom in my place for the balance of the day.

Six, P. M.—Dined at Delmonico's, and after some coffee and a cigar, walked up to Phalon's, had my hair dressed once more, and dropped in at one or two of the theatres, where several of the dear ones, who recognized me as their gallant protector, smiled, and in various manners proved their appreciation of me.

Eleven, P. M.—Supped at Troy Dave's, drank a bottle of wine, hugged a Venus the Queen, and, after getting my hair dressed, went to bed quite fagged out by the arduous duties of the day.

If a man has the gout very bad, tread on his foot to see if it hurts him.

Tests of Gentility.

In the year 1765—An earl's cousin for an ancestor.

1805—One's own coach and horses.

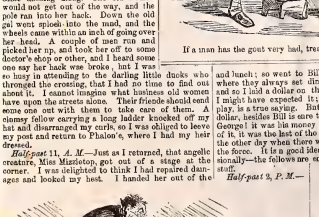
1815—An ancestor who signed the Declaration of Independence.

1830—A cemeis' hair shawl.

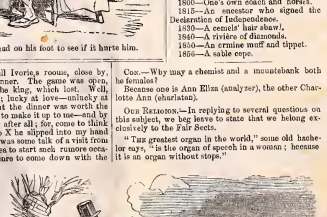
1840—A riviere of diamonds.

1850—An ermine muff and tippet.

1856—A sable cape.



Don't give a mad dog water, but offer him wine.



If a man is drowning don't stop to save him, but run and get help first.

Inquiry.—Why may a chemist and a mountebank both be females?

Because one is Ann Eliza (analyzer), the other Charlotte Ann (charlatan).

Our Reasonos.—In replying to several questions on this subject, we beg leave to state that we belong exclusively to the Fair Sects.

"The greatest organ in the world," some old bachelor says, "is the organ of speech in a woman; because it is an organ without stops."

CAN SHE TAKE IT.

LITTLE TWIGGS.—Allow me the honor of offering you my arm.

HENRY DUNBAR.

A NEW PLAY BY MISS BRADDON, NOW PERFORMING WITH IMMENSE SUCCESS AT MARSACK'S THEATRE.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.—*Parlor in Miss Wentworth's cottage.*

Enter MISS WENTWORTH.

MISS W.—I am a teacher of music, and oh, so poor!

Enter CARTER, *a detective.*

CARTER.—Good morning, Miss. I want music lessons.

MISS W. (*in a burst of professional enthusiasm*).—And you shall have them. My terms are threepence a lesson.

CARTER.—Farewell, God bless you! [*Exit* CARTER.

MISS W.—A kindly proper.

Enter CLEMENT ARBIN.

ARBIN.—Miss Wentworth, I love you!

MISS W.—And I love you! Let us coo!

[*They coo.*

ARBIN.—You will marry me?

MISS W.—Undoubtedly. But I have a disputable old vagabond of a father.

ARBIN.—I know the old skunk.

MISS W.—Then together we will watch over the old reprobate, and make his life a happy one.

ARBIN (*with forced enthusiasm*).—Oh, certainly.

SCENE 2.—*Sitting-room of "The George," at Winchester. Waiter discovered laying the cloth for two.*

WAITER.—This is a private room. Ha! ha!

Enter THE MAJOR. [*Exit* WAITER.

MAJOR.—This is the room prepared for Henry Dunbar. Good. I will try and get some money out of him. He has just returned from India, and having surmounted his and of geographical difficulties, has this day landed at Winchester.

Enter CARTER.

CARTER.—Ha, ha, Major, caught at last!

[*Handcuffs him.*

MAJ.—What am I wanted for?

CARTER.—Burglary in Cornhill.

MAJOR.—I didn't do it.

[*Exeunt* MAJOR & CARTER.

Enter HENRY DUNBAR—*dressed as, he can't Henry Dunbar but his clerk Wilson, who has too dead—but see a lot, you'll see. He is grounded by two waiters learning cardshalon, walking backwards, and bowing, as practised in all the best English hotels.*

DUNBAR—Here at last!

WAITER.—Dinner is ready.

DUNBAR.—But my friend has not yet come. I will wait for him.

(*You see, his friend is really Henry Dunbar, while this fellow is only—but wait a bit, you'll see.*)

WAITER.—Ha! I see a crowd bringing something covered with a sheet.

DUNBAR (*who has murdered the real—but you'll see*)—Ha! agony at last!

Enter a crowd bearing a sofa pillow, covered with a sheet.

DUNBAR.—Tis he! Tis my murdered friend Wilson.

(*You see, Dunbar—that is, not Dunbar, but the fellow who pretends to be Dunbar—but wait a bit, you'll see.*)

ACT II.—SCENE 1.—*Drawing-room in Portland-place.*

Enter LAURA LOVELL and LAURA DUNBAR.

ARTHUR.—I love you!

LAURA.—My own Arthur!

[*Fondles him.*

Enter HENRY DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.—Ha! you love her?

ARTHUR.—I do. She is wealthy and I am miserably poor, so no one can say that my love is not disinterested.

DUNBAR.—Take her. Here's a check for fifteen millions. It will assist you in furnishing a home fit for the daughter of Henry Dunbar.

(*You see, she isn't his daughter, for he is really Wilson, and not—but wait a bit, you'll see.*)

ARTHUR.—This is indeed kind!

[*Exeunt* ARTHUR, DUNBAR, and LAURA.

Enter MARGARET WENTWORTH and FOOTMAN.

MISS W.—Footman, say I am Margaret Wentworth, music mistress to Miss Dunbar. (*Exit* FOOTMAN.) At last I shall see the monster who—but soft!

Enter LAURA.

LAURA.—My own music mistress!

[*Embraces her.*

MISS W.—Yes Laura! I want to see your father. He owes me much.

LAURA.—I will tell him. As it is necessary to the progress of the piece that he and I should have an explanatory scene, please step into my boudoir.

MISS W.—Bless your prudent forethought!

[*Exit* MISS W.

Enter HENRY DUNBAR, *that is, of course he isn't but you'll see.*

DUNBAR.—Who is Miss Wentworth!

LAURA.—It is my dear music mistress. She wants to see you. She says you owe her much.

DUNBAR.—I cannot see her. Give her this check for five hundred thousand pounds. Tell her she shall have one every quarter. [*Exit* HENRY DUNBAR.

LAURA (*calling*).—My music mistress.

[*Enter* MISS WENTWORTH.

LAURA.—Papa sends you this cheque, with his compliments. It is for five hundred thousand pounds.

MISS W.—I would rather starve and beg from door to door. Adieu.

[*Exeunt* LAURA and MISS WENTWORTH *at opposite entrances.*

INVESTIGATING UNCLE.—Could you believe it, Jack, there's a fellow's hat ever so far down that chimbley.

SCENE AT COTTAGE RESTAURANT.

HENRY MAJ.—Do you call that a mutton chop? Why, it isn't a monthful!

WAITER.—Lord, sir, what can you expect when mutton is twenty-five cents a pound.

IRISH SPECTATOR.—Bedad, but they've left the nice little cheque on the flure and it's the savrints that'll be having a gintel flare-up wid it.

SCENE 2.—*The bank parlor.*

Enter HENRY DUNBAR and BARDSHEET, *his junior partner*

DUNBAR.—So my account is in a satisfactory condition!

BARDSHEET.—Yes, I will call Mr. Austin, the cashier.

Calls MR. ARBIN. *Enter* MR. ARBIN *with ledger.*

DUNBAR.—How is my account?

ARBIN.—Quite well, thank you, sir. Twenty-seven millions is the amount of your loose cash.

DUNBAR.—Good. Here is a cheque for twenty thousand for yourself.

ARBIN.—Thanks. I am going to marry Miss Wentworth, but you don't know her.

DUNBAR.—Ha! Then I make you manager of our Indian branch, with a salary of ten millions a year!

ARBIN.—Thanks. I will tell Margaret. She is in the bank. [*Exit.*

DUNBAR.—Ha! in the bank! Then I will escape by a back way.

[*Escapes. You see—but wait a bit.*

ACT III.—SCENE 1.—*Drawing-room in Mandeley Abbey, Dunbar's Country Seat. Enter* DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.—Oh, Remorse! [*Enter* THE MAJOR.

MAJOR.—Ah! you murdered Henry Dunbar.

DUNBAR.—Ha!

MAJOR.—Yes. Give me seventy-five thousand pounds, and I'll not mention it!

DUNBAR.—Certainly. Here is a cheque for the exact amount.

MAJOR.—Thank you. Good day.

[*Exit* MAJOR.

DUNBAR.—Oh, Remorse! Also Grief! Would that I could sleep! [*Sleeps.*

Enter MISS WENTWORTH.

MISS W.—Ah! Here he is at last! (*Hits him on the back.*) MURDERER OF MY FATHER AWAKE!

DUNBAR.—Ha! Margaret! At last!

MISS W. (*in one breath*).—What do I see!—Father! (*in one breath*) Then you are not Henry Dunbar, but having murdered Henry Dunbar you dressed in his clothes and assumed his name, and as he was unknown in England, having lived in India all his life, the chest was not discovered! [*You see?*

DUNBAR.—Not so. I did not murder him! I only killed him!

MISS W.—Then you are once more my own dear father! [*Embraces.*

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.—*The same. Enter* MISS FARRER, DUNBAR'S *Servant.*

MISS F. (*walking like a pigeon.*)—Master's—is a—half-killed—in a—railway bankshident!

[*Exit* MISS FARRER

CITY SPORTS.

HUNTING THE BEAVER.

Enter DUNBAR, *with all his bones broken.*

DUNBAR.—Now to mount a horse and escape the hounds of justice.

[*Mounts a horse and escapes the hounds of justice.*

Enter CARTER, AUSTIN *and* MISS FARNEY.

CARTER.—Where is Mr. Dunbar!

MISS F.—Well, he's—his and—got off—but is—bed and—dusp—pearched!

CARTER.—Coled! But we will have him yet!

SCENE II.—*Library in Woodbine Cottage.*

Enter THE MAJOR, *in a fuse hand.*

MAJOR.—Ha! hem! Dunbar is hidden here—and his pursuers are after him!

DEARS—TALKING.

Enter CARTER, AUSTIN *and* MISS WEYTHORNE, *the latter disguised in a comic way and a dutpan.*

MISS W.—Hey—Moister Dunbar baint here—he be coom here this mearnin', and he be gaan off in that theere direction.

CARTER (*simple dupe*)—Good—I will after him! [*He offers him.*

MISS. W. (*taking off wig.*)—Gone at last!

AUSTIN.—Margaret!

MISS W.—What a fellow you were to split on pape!

AUSTIN.—But I didn't know he was your papa!

Enter DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.—I am about to die, and if our friends in front will only look kindly on my efforts, there will not be a happier old dog in England than Henry Dunbar! [*Dies in great agony.*

CURTAIN.

NATURALISTS have remarked that the squirrel is continually chattering to his fellow squirrels in the woods. This we have every reason to suppose arises from that animal's love of gossip, as he is notoriously one of the tail-bearers among his tribe.

WHAT scriptural personage does an editor remind one of?

Scissors! (Sisera.)

If the author of the above will call at our office we will gladly pay his passage to Boston. We hate Boston.

A HOME THRUST.—A reverend Dean, commenting on the extraordinary performances of a blind man, remarked that the poor fellow could see no more than "that bottle." "No wonder, sir," replied a minor canon, "for I have seen no more than that bottle all the afternoon."

A YOUNG minister, in a highly-elaborate sermon which he preached, said several times: "The commentators do not agree with me here." Next morning a poor woman came to see him with something in her apron. She said her husband had heard his sermon, and thought it a very fine one, and as he had said "The commen tators did not agree with him," he had sent him some of his best kidneys.

A COMEDIAN at St. James' Hall, meeting an author who sometimes makes puns, challenged him upon the moment to produce one on the giant Anak. The gentleman so challenged, merely replied: "I have not a knock at all, man, to do so." "There," said he, "are two and a half for you."

SNOOKS, says the prettiest sewing machine he ever saw was about seventeen years old, wore short sleeves, a low-necked dress, and had gaiter boots on.

HUNTING THE HARE.

IT is supposed that the reason why most of the women's rights women who are old maids, don't marry, is that they consider themselves so far in advance of the age that they are afraid their offspring would be grandchildren.

THE officials of the Internal Revenue Bureau recently enjoyed a hearty laugh over a letter from a New York commission merchant, who wrote to ask an explanation of a notification that some whiskey consigned to him had been seized in *transmitu*, on suspicion that the tax had not been paid. "I will thank you," said the latter, "to inform me where 'Transmitu' is, as I want to send a check there, and I can't find out what railroad it is on!"

BARON, the French actor, was a great favorite with the ladies. A woman of rank used to receive the visits of Baron very privately.—One day, Baron, uninvited, came into her drawing room, which was full of company. "Baron," said the lady, haughtily and angrily, "What do you come for?" "For my night-cap, madam," replied the indignant actor.

PURSUING THE BEAR.

CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.

DENTIST.—Now, that's the fourth sound tooth I've pulled out; if I don't pull the right one next time I won't charge you a cent.

City Nursery Rhyme.

Lickitty Rickitty dock,
The people must know what's o'clock.
All the business town
Sees the ball go down:
Lickitty rickitty dock.

STANDING ACCOUNT.

"Mr. Slocum, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, sir, James Slocum."

"Some six months ago, Mr. Slocum, you gave me credit for a pair of boots—price five dollars. I have now called to liquidate the demand."

"Owe me five dollars! Well, really, I have no remembrance of the fact."

"Be that as it may, the debt is honest and must be paid."

Here a middle-aged gentleman, in pepper and salt cassimere, took out a well-filled pocket-book, and handed Slocum a twenty dollar bill. Slocum balanced the account, and handed to the middle-aged gentleman, in seasonable wearing apparel, fifteen dollars, being the "balance on the boots."

Old Deacon Safford.

Old Deacon Safford, or, as he was familiarly called, Deacon Jo, was a rigid disciplinarian, and being the serious church deacon, looked after the delinquents with a sharp eye. Deacon Jo was in the habit of "parcelling out the sermon," giving to each one of the congregation their portion according as they needed.

One warm sabbath afternoon, the pastor, thinking that those who had no intere t in the subject of religion would most likely fall asleep, prepared himself to preach directly to the church.

The deacon was on hand to "parcel" out the sermon as fast as it came from the lips of the minister. The pastor commenced with his closest, penurious brethren, plaining but earnestly.

"That belongs to Brother Grent," said the deacon.

The next remark was designed for those who went about doing good, but made so much noise and parade about it, as to destroy a great part of the good they intended to do.

"That is Sister Grimkins," said Deacon Jo. "No mistaking that."

The pastor continued his sermon, but the deacon, who had worked throughout the week, fell into a deep slumber. Nevertheless, although the body of the deacon was sleeping the mind was active, and, whether the eyes performed their functions or not, each portion was as faithfully parceled out as though the deacon had been wide awake.

"Finally, my brethren," concluded the parson, "there is a class of persons who listen attentively to every sermon, but who are so free-hearted and benevolent that they do not retain any for themselves, but parcel it out among their brethren and sisters."

"Thunder! that's me," said Deacon Jo, the sound of his voice awaking him, "and I deserve it."

Whether the deacon continued the practice of "parcelling out the sermon" afterwards we know not, but we presume if he did, he kept a small portion for himself.

YOUNG SWELL BEGINNER.—Jane, don't you think my moustache is too heavy; I've half a mind to trim it.

Old Fashioned Frigates.

Dave says there is one advantage about the old-fashioned frigates.

"One evening," said he, "we were running up the Mediterranean under a one-horse breeze, when Captain Pompus, the commander of our vessel, the Washtub, cameon deck, and the following conversation ensued between him and our first lieutenant:"

"Mr. Smile, I think I heard a little noise on deck. Just now—am I right?"

"Quite right, sir; yes, sir."

"Ah! what was the cause of it?"

"Man overboard, sir—fell from the foreyard."

"Hum!"

So saying, Captain Pompus returned to his cabin, and was not seen again until the next morning after breakfast, when he once more refreshed the deck with his presence, and again entered into a little conversation with Mr. Smile, the first luff.

"I think you told me, last evening, Mr. Smile, that a man was overboard?"

"I did, sir."

"Have you picked him up yet?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you had better do it some time in the course of the morning, or the poor fellow will, I'm afraid, be in danger of starving."

The lieutenant obeyed orders. About noon he lowered a boat, and we found the man who had slipped off the yard floating about eighteen inches farther astern of us than he was fourteen hours before. He was lying on his back, fast asleep.

WHAT kind of paper most resembles a sneeze? Tissue

MR. BUNSE, after traveling all day and night, takes a quiet room in a hotel. It is under the hall-room.

Precipitates of Wit.

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark? On the head.

What occupation is the sun? Why, a tanner, to be sure.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.

Why is Troy weight like a thief? Because it has no scruples.

Why is an island like the letter T? Because it is in the middle of water.

Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud? Because it is continually a lightning.

Why are fowls the most economic things farmers can keep? Because for every grain of corn they give a peck.

Why is conscience like the strap on the inside of an omnibus? Because it is an inward check to the outward man.

Why is a fellow up stairs committing murder like a good man? Because he is above doing a mean action.

An Irish sailor once visited a city where, he said, they "copper-bottomed" the tops of their houses with sheet lead.

A fellow down South was lately taken with fever and ague. The ague soon left him for he was too lazy to shake.

A WITNESS in a liquor case at Manchester, N. H., recently, gave the following testimony:

"Sal soda is lee and water, and some stuff squirted into it from a concern. Don't know whether it is intoxicating or not—it makes one feel very good, and the feet lift up considerably easier."

A MISTAKE.

BUTCHER.—"Now, Mr. Smith, I know you are fond of a nice leg—now there is a beauty for you."

LADY (who thinks they are talking about her leg).—"Insolent puppies."

The Whistler.

"You have heard," said the youth, to his sweetheart, who stood,
While he sat on a corn sheaf at daylight's decline—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood;
I wish that Danish boy's whistle was mine!"

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I will blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and there take her place."

"Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;
"A favor so slight, one's good nature secures!"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm."
She smiled and she laid her fair arm round his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine,
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss—
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make;
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

The Cold Water Cure.

A SHOWER-BATH FROM A GARDEN ENGINE ON A FROSTY NIGHT.

THE Post-office has long been regarded by the fair young men of Chicago as one of the most desirable assignation institutions in the city. Young ladies however around there for the purpose of getting answers to tender missives, sent in answer to equally tender matrimonial advertisements; and young gentlemen, and sometimes those of middle age, and even elderly, wait to see the pretty faces of the applicants. So common has this custom been, that respectable ladies are frightened to appear at that place, least they might be mistaken for those who come there with a different object from that of finding letters.

On Saturday last a young man came to grief by presuming too far upon what he supposed to be the genteel characteristics of ladies who were habitually waiting for letters. He had seen for several days a strikingly pretty young lady make inquiries regarding a particular box, and each time turn away disappointed. He was a gay, fashionably dressed, and rather attractive youth in appearance, and presuming on these qualities, he made up to the young lady, and in the blandest manner requested the privilege of escorting her home. The request was, at first, indignantly refused, but almost immediately afterward a new idea flashed across the brain of the merry young wife, and she graciously consented to accept the escort.

Proudly and happily Mr. A——— (this name need not be given in the meantime) escorted the apparently enamored lady to the Michigan-street car. Seated beside her, he entertained her with the liveliest talk, and upon arriving at Adelaide street he gallantly assisted her to alight, and profoundly his arm the two walked on pleasantly together. Upon approaching her residence the lady became suddenly timid. She was afraid that some of her husband's friends might see them together, and requested him to leave her in the meantime, and to steal in the wood-shed behind the house, and there she would come to him when the domestics had retired. Mr. A——— was speedily enconced in the place prescribed, and scarcely was he so when a hack drove up to the front door and the husband (he whose letters she had been so anxiously expecting) leaped out. The wicked wife merrily told him about her adventure, and described the ensnared lady caged in the wood-shed.

On Saturday night, it will be remembered, it was bitter cold. The husband, upon hearing his young wife's story, slid silently from the house and locked the door of the shed in which the gay Lothario was concealed. Through the opening of the shed they could see him as he crouched behind a couple of empty barrels, and the husband and wife and a couple of servants enjoyed themselves hugely for a time watching him as he sat shivering in his wretched corner. The malicious young wife then suggested that he should be more thoroughly cooled, and, at her request, the garden engine was brought, the hose of which was inserted silently through an aperture close behind his back.

The husband and servants then went to work with a will, while the object of his pursuit directed the stream. In less then a minute he was completely deluged, and for more than ten minutes he danced around the woodshed, bellowing and cursing like a maniac, while all the time the stream, directed by a vengeful little hand, poured upon him. At last, upon beginning to show symptoms of exhaustion, the door was opened, and he was brought forth in a most miserable plight. The husband conducted him to the gate by the ear, he whining piteously meanwhile, and in order to restore some degree of warmth to his frame, administered a series of vigorous kicks to a portion of his body a few inches below the buttons on the back of his coat.

This last operation was witnessed by several persons, and the gallant, taking them as witnesses, proceeded to the West police-station, and gave in a charge of assault against the gentleman. The young gallant, after getting thawed, thought it prudent to keep out of the way, so that no prosecution has taken place.

Compassionate, Very.

A very learned and compassionate Judge in Texas, on passing sentence on John Jones, who had been convicted of murder, concluded his remarks as follows:

"The fact is, Jones, that the Court did not intend to order you to be executed before next spring, but the weather is very cold; our jail, unfortunately is in a very bad condition, much of the glass in the windows is broken, the chimneys are in such a dilapidated state that no fire can be made to render your apartments comfortable; besides, owing to the great number of prisoners, not more than one blanket can be allowed to each; to sleep sound and comfortable, therefore, it is out of the question. In consideration of these circumstances, and wishing to lessen your sufferings as much as possible, the Court, in the exercise of its humane compassion, hereby orders you to be executed to-morrow morning, as soon after breakfast as may be convenient to the sheriff and agreeable to you."

ALL SORTS.

A man with a scolding wife moved into a swamp where the dumb ague was prevalent. His wife was effectually cured.

An old lady objected to giving her son a collegiate education, after learning that "profane history" was one of the studies.

What bird is that which it is absolutely necessary we should have at dinner, and yet neither cooked nor served up? A swallow.

A soldier being asked if he met with much hospitality in Ireland, replied that he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there.

A man who had been married twice to ladies both named Catherine, advised his friends against taking Sixth Kates.

When a person is afflicted with a cold he generally assures you it is a bad one. Did any person ever hear of a good cold?

Why should a man on the occasion of his marriage not be expected to pay all the ringers? Because he rings one bell himself.

Why is an unknown hare like love? Because it will lead you astray, and you cannot help wondering where it will end.

A Frenchman wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets forgot the word, and said, "de butter of poets."

There is a man in Cincinnati in possession of a powerful memory. He is employed by the Humane Society to remember the poor.

The singing of a kettle in one respect resembles the singing of a stage singer. An attempt to overdo it will be followed by a hiss.

A young lady who had lost or mislaid her beau, was advised to bang up her fiddle. She said the advice did great violence to her heart-strings.

The Welch have a saying, that if a women was as quick with her feet as she is with her tongue, she could catch lightning enough to kindle the fire in the morning.

BUTCHER'S ARROGANCE—HIGH PRICE OF MEAT.

BUTCHER.—Darn your impudence—my steak tough! Its tougher where there's none.—(Very properly kicks him out.)

Mr. Tuss, having bought a Shanghai, don't know what to do with it—as it wakes all the neighbors every morning at three.

The following incident occurred in Georgia, many years ago:

Judge T., a celebrated duelist, who had lost his leg, and who was known to be a dead shot, challenged Colonel D., a gentleman of great humor and attainments, to mortal combat. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground, and Colonel D. was asked if he was ready.

"No," he replied.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Judge T.'s second.

"Why, sir," said the Colonel, "I have sent my boy into the woods to look up a bee-gum, to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the Judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg!"

The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it broke up fight. Some one argued with Colonel D. afterward, that this affair would sink his reputation.

"Not when he has a bullet might," said he.

"But you will fill the newspapers."

"Yes, but I would rather fill twenty papers," he replied, "than one coffin."

Short-sighted Jones—(coming home from a party)—Sir, I can't see very well; please tell me what o'clock it is by my watch—its a first-rate one for going.—Jones discovered next morning that it has *gone*.

Proctor's History of a Life.

Day dawned within a curtained room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed—a child had seen the light;
But for the baby fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night.

Spring rose—the lady's grave was green,
And near it, often-times, was seen
A gentle boy with thoughtful mein.

Years fled—he wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won—at last—a lofty place.

And then he died! Behold before ye
Humanity's poor sum and story;
Life—Death—and all that is of Glory.

Learned, but Sarcastic Doctor.—I understand what ails you, madam. You are suffering under a patent-actioned, conglomerate of phleropoisia, universalis de non compes mentis—very common with you ladies.

As Irish gentleman relating some astounding feats of British bravery in the Crimea, was inquired of by an incredulous listener:

"Faith, sir, if I might be so bold, where did ye get yer intelligence?"

"Sure, an' I found it in the chape newspaper," was the answer.

"An' do ye believe what yo see in the chape publications?"

"Why not, when it's a gintleman as prints it?" inquired Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"Reksse, by the powers, I don't think they can afford to print so much thrath for so little money."

The Pick.—A wedding breakfast was given recently by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest being the bride, when a neighbor, a young farmer, who was honored with an invitation, thinking, no doubt, that he ought to say something smart and complimentary upon the event, addressing the bridegroom, said:

"Well, you have got the pick of the batch!"

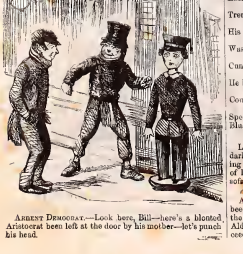
The countenance of the four unmarried ones, as may be imagined, were awfully indignant.

"Yay you making here?" lastly inquired a Dutchman of his daughter, who was being kissed very clamorously.

"Oh, not much, just courting a little—dat's all!"

"Oho, dat's all? I dought you was fighting."

Own Heaven a death! 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is that honor? A word. What is that word, honor? What is that honor? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. It is insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it;—therefore I'll none of it; honor is a mere escutcheon, and so ends my catechism.



Absent Democrat.—Look here, Bill—here's a bloated Aristocrat been left at the door by his mother—let's punch his head.

A Character.

"And there was one
Who strove most valiantly to be a man;
Who smoked and still got sick, drank hard and awoke
Each morn with a headache; his poor, timorous voice
Trembled beneath the burdens of the oaths
His bold hears made it bear. He sneered at love,
Was not so weak as to believe the sex
Comfored with virtue. O, he knew! he knew!
He had himself adventured in that sea.
Could tell, sir, if he would—yet never dared
Speak to a lady in his life without
Blushing hot to the ears."

Lovers, like cats, can see in the dark. Who'd ever think of lighting a lamp while he had the "Star of his Life" by his side on the sofa?

A Blowing machine has just been patented. It is got up on the principle of a newly elected Alderman. It will, doubtless, succeed. We bet on it, anyway.

VAIN OLD THING.

Grandmother.—Now, Jenina, you can see how I looked when I was young.